Tit. Kild her for whome my teares haue made me blind.
I am as woefull as *Virgilius* was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he,
To doe this outrage, and it is now done.
King. What was she rauisht? tell who did the deede.
Titus. Wilt please you eat, wilt please your highnes feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slaine thine onely daughter
Titus. Not I, twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius.*
They rauisht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, twas they, that did her all this wrong.
King. Goe fetch them hether to vs presently,
Titus. Why there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintilie hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herselfe hath bred.
Tis true, tis true, witnes my knives sharpe point,
He stabs the Empresse.

Empe. Die franticke wretch for this accursed deed
Lucius. Can the sonnes eye behold his father bleede?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deede.
Marcus. You sad fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By vprores seuerd like a flight of fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempestious gusts,
Oh let me teach you how to knit againe
This scattred corne into one mutuall sheaffe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.
Roman Lord. Let Rome herselfe be bane vnto her selfe,
And shee whome mightie kingdomes curse too,
Like a forlorne and desperate cast away,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.
But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witnesses of true experience,
Connot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as erst our Ancestor,

When

1 blind. 4 now is done. 7 daughter thus?
21 severd as a flight

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didoes sad attending eare,
The story of that balefull burning night,
When subtile Greekes surprizd King Priams Troy.
Tell vs what Sinon hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My hart is not compact of flint nor steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griese,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Heere is a Captaine let him tell the tale,
Your harts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
Lucius. Then noble auditory be it knowne to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours brother,
And they it were that rauished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despisd, and basely cousend,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.
Lastly my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me and turnd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes enemies,
Who drownd their enmity in my true teares,
And opt their armes to imbrace me as a friend,
and I am the turned forth be it knowne to you,
That haue preserud her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the enemies point,
Sheathing the steele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know I am no vaunter I,
My scars can witnes, dumb although they are,

That

11 And breake my utterance, even
29 I am the